DC

272

LOONEY TUNES

FRIDOLFS
POPE
McRAE
LAWSON

LOONEY TUNES™

I CLAIM THIS PLANET IN THE *NAME* OF...

...EARTH?

EARTH.

EARTH!

DEREK FRIDOLFS JIAW!

8+
EVERYONE

DUCK DODGERS and the RETURN to the 24½TH CENTURY

Written by - DEREK FRIDOLFS
Pencils by - ROBERT POPE
Inks by - SCOTT McRAE
Colors by - JEREMY LAWSON
Letters by - WES ABBOTT
Edited by - COURTNEY JORDAN
Cover by - FRIDOLFS WITH LAWSON

TAXI

NOW ARRIVING AT GALACTIC PROTECTORATE HEADQUARTERS.

WATCH YOUR STEP...IT'S A DOOZY!

VRRRT

I CAME AS FAST AS I COULD, SIR. IS IT ANOTHER CRISIS?

IF YOU'RE INVOLVED... ABSOLUTELY!

DODGERS, OUR UNIVERSE IS MADE UP OF CHEMICAL ELEMENTS, ARRANGED BY ATOMIC NUMBER AND STRUCTURE. BUT EVEN WE DON'T KNOW EVERYTHING.

IS THAT A FACT? THEN WHY DO THEY CALL IT SCIENCE FICTION?

YOUR MISSION IS TO OBTAIN THE ELUSIVE ELEMENT 199. A HYPOTHETICAL ELEMENT NOT FOUND ON ANY PERIODIC TABLE.

PERHAPS THE TABLES WERE TURNED. EASY TO SLIP OFF THAT WAY.

?

CAN YOU DO IT, DODGERS?

YOU CAN COUNT ON ME! EXCEPT MY LICENSE WAS REVOKED AFTER MY LAST ROCKET CRASH. CAN YOU VALIDATE MY BUS PASS?

ROCKETS WON'T BE REQUIRED FOR YOUR TRIP TO THE FUTURE. OUR *TOP* SCIENTISTS HAVE CREATED YOUR MODE OF TRANSPORTATION.

SO *THAT* IS WHAT THE TOP FLOOR IS FOR!

BEHOLD. THE GALACTIC PROTECTORATE TIME MACHINE!

I'M GOING IN THAT? A BREAKFAST APPLIANCE?!

I'M TOAST.

CORRECT, DODGERS. IN A MATTER OF SPEAKING.

NOW CLIMB INSIDE WHILE I ADJUST YOUR TRAJECTORY SETTINGS.

AND HURRY! TIME IS OF THE ESSENCE!

BE CAREFUL, DOC. DON'T BURN MY CRUST...OR MY FEATHERS!

VOOOM

GOODBYE, DODGERS. AND GOOD DUCK!

FWOOSH

FWOOSH

THIS ISN'T THE FUTURE. THOSE EGGHEADS IN TEMPORAL MECHANICS GOT IT STUCK IN REVERSE.

LOOKS MORE LIKE YE OLDEN TIMES!

CLIP CLOP

CLIP CLOP

SNIFF

WHO'S COOKING ROAST DUCK?

WAAAAH!

FEAR NOT... ER... FAIRLY UGLY PRINCESS. 'TIS I SHALL SLAY THIS DRAGON!

WHEW! GOOD THING I FOUND THIS *FIRE EXTINGUISHER.*

FSSSSSSSH

CLANGG

JUST HAVE TO RESET THIS LEVER AND GET OUT OF THIS MAD, EVIL WORLD!

FWOOSH

FWOOSH

WE'RE STILL IN THE PAST. BUT IT LOOKS STRANGELY FAMILIAR.

'TIS WIZARDRY!

THUNK

DODGERS

THOP

WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT? IT'S THE FIRST RED ROCKET TOY I HAD AS A CHILD.

THAT'S *MY* ROCKET! GIMME BACK!

SORRY, KID. NO TIME FOR NOSTALGIA. WE'VE GOT A SCHEDULE TO KEEP.

FWOOSH

FWOOSH

THIS DOESN'T LOOK RIGHT. WHAT HAPPENED TO HEADQUARTERS?

HALT, EARTHLING! BOW TO YOUR MARTIAN OVERLORD!

I DO SO ENJOY INVADING YOUR PLANET.

OH DRAT, YOU NAUGHTY REBEL! YOU HAVE MADE ME VERY ANGRY. VERY ANGRY INDEED!

FRZZAP

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, BUSTER? THE MARTIANS WON AND WE LOST. THE GALACTIC PROTECTORATE DISBANDED.

NOW I JUST FLY SOLO. ALONG WITH BIRDBRAIN HERE.

KEEP UP! MY SHIP IS UP AHEAD.

KA-BLEWIE

UHH... GOT ROOM FOR TWO STOWAWAYS?

NOT BIG ON LEG ROOM, IS IT?

FWOOSH

WE MADE IT. ALL THE WAY TO... DUCK DODGERS IN THE 49TH CENTURY!

POP

THAT'S TWICE AS FAR. WHEN THEY SAID TO GET HERE ON THE DOUBLE, THEY REALLY MEANT IT!

THIS HAS GOT TO BE THE PLACE. SEEING IS BELIEVING!

TELL THE BOSS WE'RE HERE.

DO YOU HAVE AN APPOINTMENT? THIS IS A BUS PASS.

ENTER!

WELCOME, DODGERS, TO THE OFFICE OF HIGH COMMAND.

EAGER YOUNG SPACE CADET?!

C-C-CORRECTION. NOW IT'S ETERNAL YOUNG SPACE GENERAL, SIR.

HOW CAN YOU BE IN CHARGE? AND SO YOUNG?!

IT'S THE F-F-FUTURE, SILLY. WE SOLVED THE PROBLEM OF AGING E-E-EONS AGO. AND I LIVED LONG ENOUGH TO OU-OU-OUTRANK YOU.

I KNOW WHY YOU'RE H-H-HERE. YOU'RE L-L-LOOKING FOR ELEMENT 199.

TAKE IT AS MY G-G-GIFT TO YOU.

BUT WHAT ABOUT THEM?

DON'T WORRY. OUR F-F-FUTURE TECH CAN SEND THEM ALL HOME...

AND W-W-WIPE THEIR MEMORIES OF THIS EVENT. VERY EASY SINCE DUCKS DON'T HAVE LARGE B-B-BRAINS.

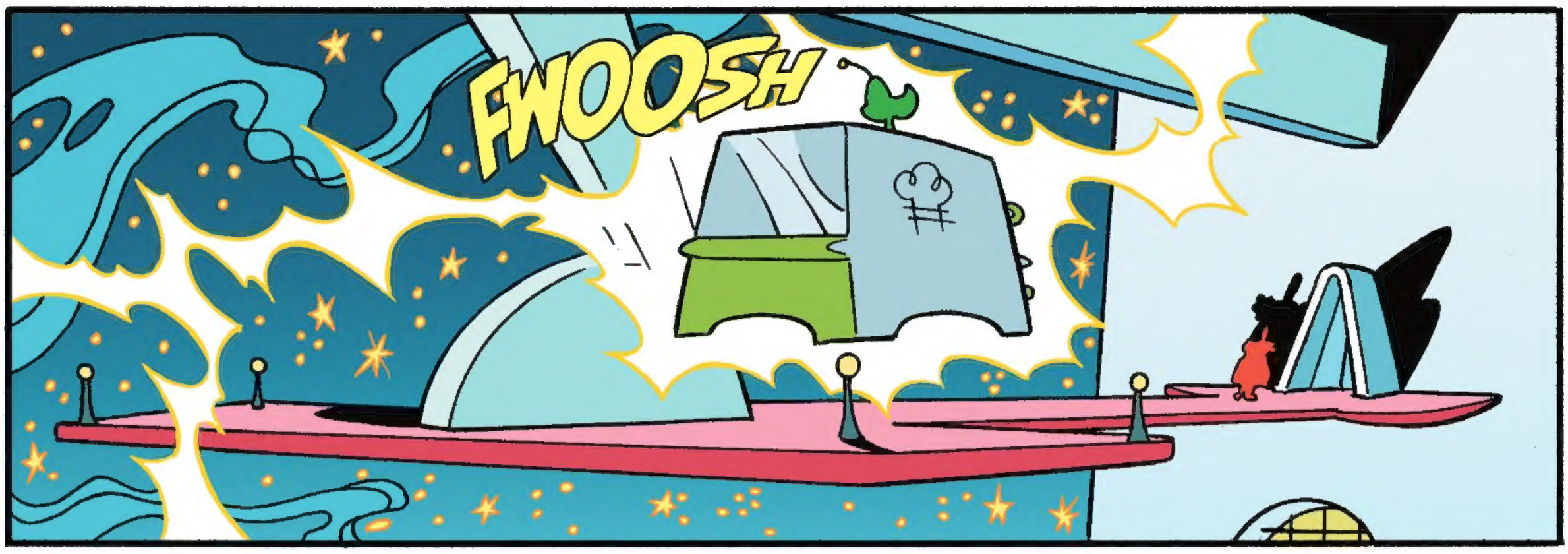
SSSHINGGG

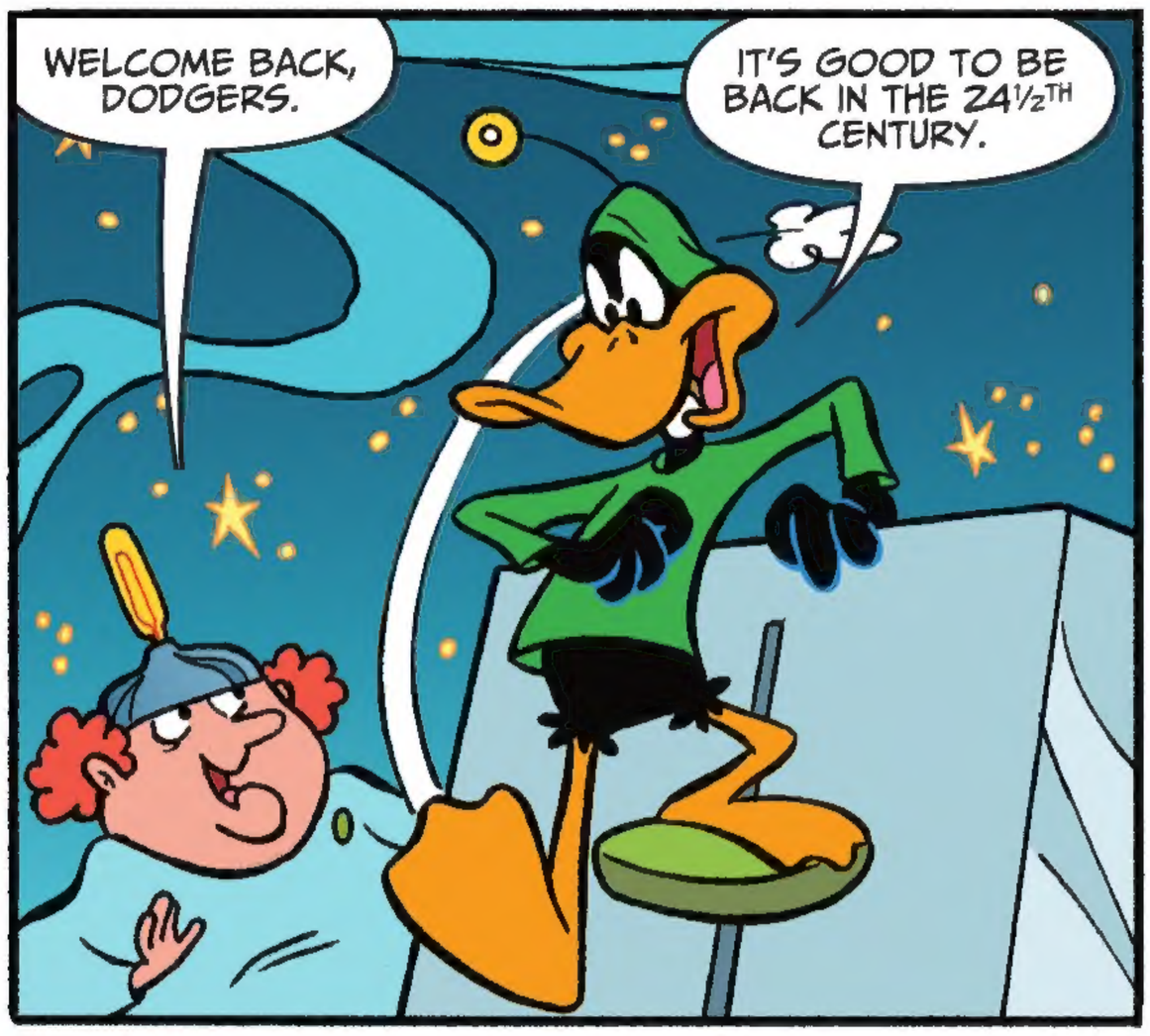
REVAPORATOR

I'VE R-R-RECALIBRATED YOUR TIME MACHINE. IT NOW MAKES EXCELLENT T-T-TOAST.

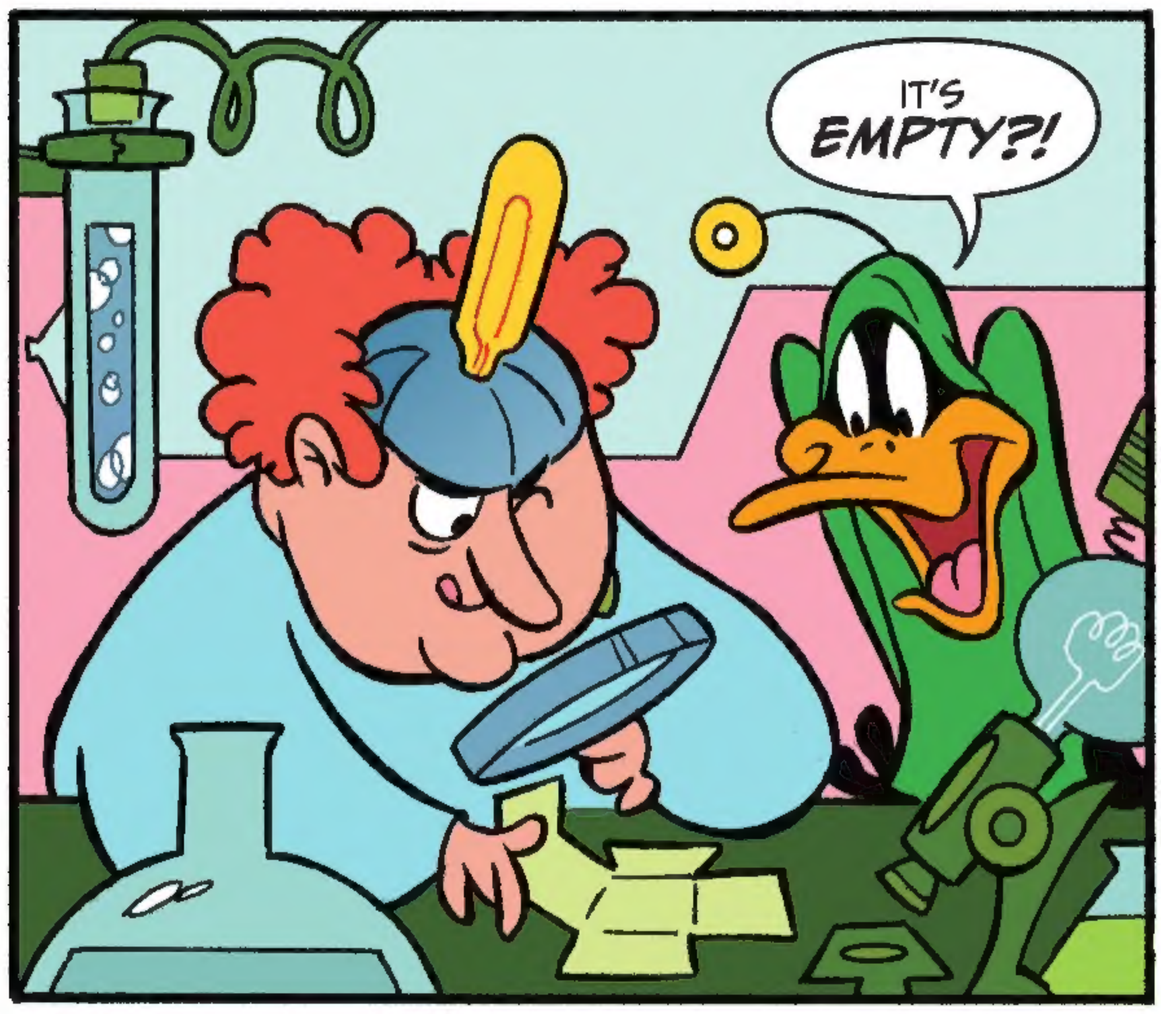
JUST HOLD THE BACON, WILL YA?

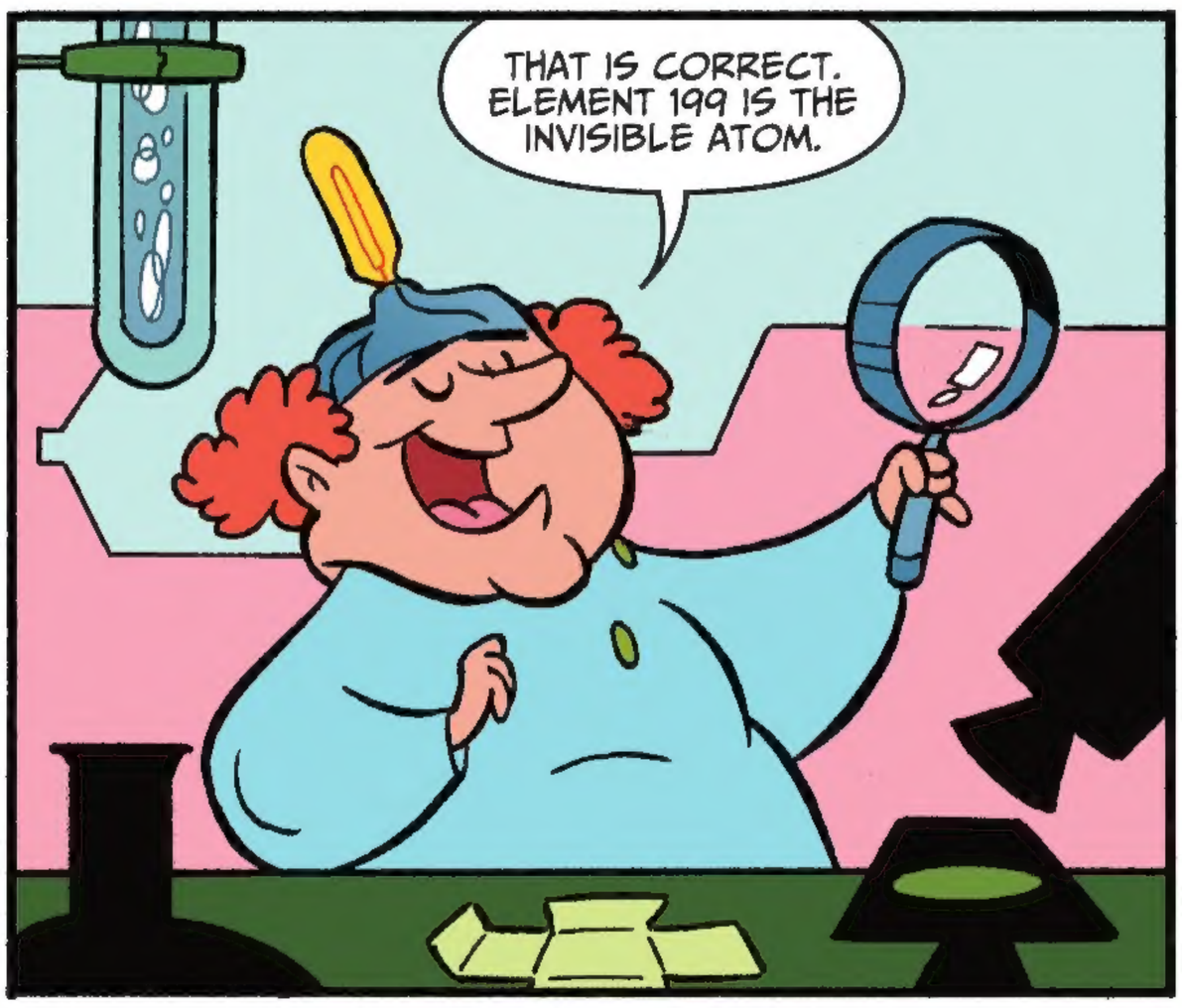
FWOOSH

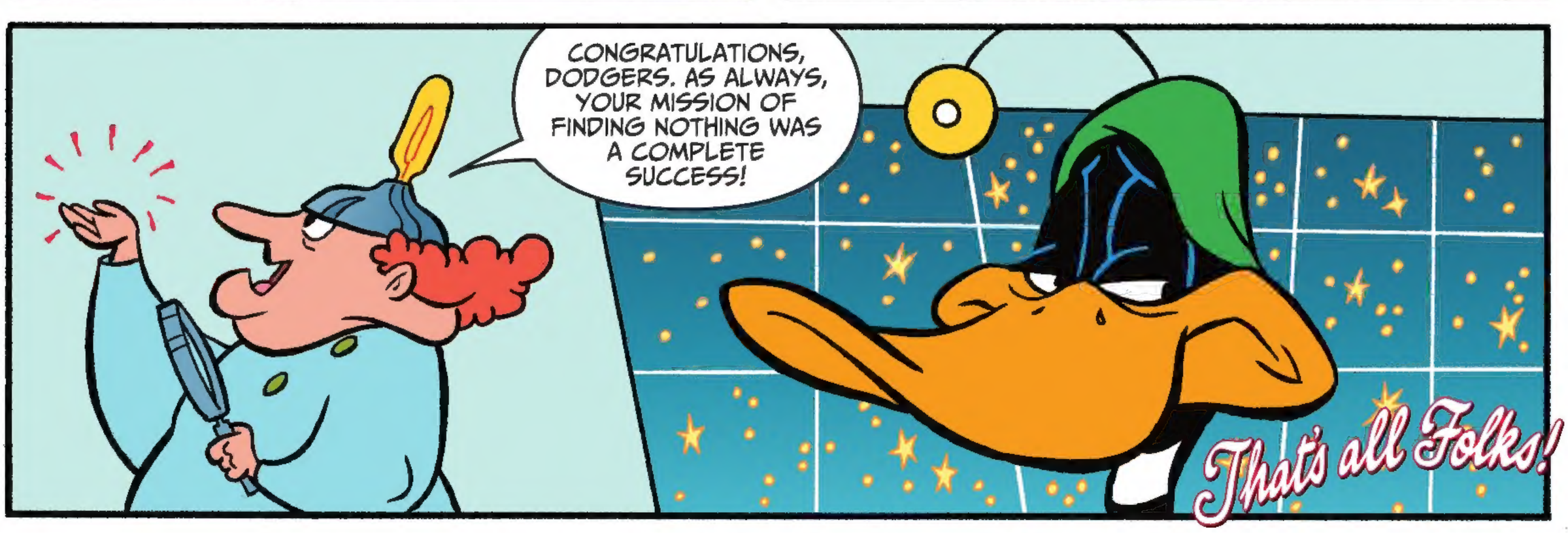

FWOOSH


WELCOME BACK, DODGERS.
IT'S GOOD TO BE BACK IN THE 24½TH CENTURY.

AND YOU DIDN'T COME HOME EMPTY HANDED.
SHALL WE SEE WHAT'S INSIDE?


IT'S EMPTY?!


THAT IS CORRECT. ELEMENT 199 IS THE INVISIBLE ATOM.


CONGRATULATIONS, DODGERS. AS ALWAYS, YOUR MISSION OF FINDING NOTHING WAS A COMPLETE SUCCESS!
That's all Folks!

DCCO38529

CAPTAIN'S JOURNAL, STARDATE...

WHAT'S (SPACE) OPERA, DOC?

WRITTEN BY IVAN COHEN
PENCILS BY ROBERT POPE
INKS BY SCOTT MCRAE
COLOR BY CANDACE SCHINZLER-BELL
LETTERS BY SAIDA TEMOFONTE
EDITED BY ROB LEVIN

...EH, THURSDAY?

THE U.S.S. ACTIVITY CONTINUES ITS FIVE-YEAR MISSION IN DEEP SPACE. WE'VE VISITED THIRTEEN PLANETS...

...NEGOTIATED TREATIES WITH ELEVEN ALIEN RACES, AND CHARTED *31* NEW SOLAR SYSTEMS.

EXCUSE ME, CAPTAIN--

HOLD ON A SECOND, *DOC.* I'M FINISHING AN *EXTREMELY OFFICIAL* REPORT. NOW, WHERE WAS I? OH YES.

I... AM...

...BORRRRRRRED!!!!

SORRY, DOC. YOU WERE SAYING?

OH, YOU WASCALLY WABBIT. YOU CWAVE *EXCITEMENT*, THWILLS, *NOISE.*

BUT YOU SHOULD HAVE LEARNED BY NOW. IT IS VEWY, *VEWY* QUIET...

... IN SPACE.

CREWMAN, FIRE WHEN WEADY.

THANK YOU, LIEUTENANT BUNNY. YOU'RE A CREDIT TO THE FLEET.

EHHHHH... WHAT'S UP, DOCTOR?

WHAT'S UP IS YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE! YOUR LATEST PHYSICAL IS A MESS!

YOU'RE NOT A YOUNG RABBIT ANYMORE, CAPTAIN.

YA THINK I DON'T KNOW THAT? THIS UNIFORM IS SERIOUSLY UNFORGIVING.

BUT OKAY, I'LL TRY TO HIT THE GYM MORE, STARTING TOM--

EEEOOO

MON CAPITAINE!

SHIP APPROACHING, FIRING MISSILES!

EEEOOOO EEEOOOO EEEOOO

KA-THWEEP
KA-THWEEP
IF I HAD A NICKEL FOR *EVERY* TIME I'VE ASKED FOR SEAT BELTS...
LIEUTENANT TWEETY, RETURN FIRE!
BOOM
BOOM
THEIR SHIELDS, ZEY ARE UNMOVED BY OUR EVERY ADVANCE!
KA-FIZZLE
FLA-ZOOP
FLA-ZOOP
KA-BOOM!
OOF! THAT'S GOING TO LEAVE A MARK.
EVASIVE ACTION, MISTER LE PEW.
AYE-AYE, SIR! WE SHALL PLAY ZE 'ARD-TO-GET!

MISTER PIG!

YES, CAPT-CAPT-CAPT... SIR?

HOW MUCH DAMAGE DID WE TAKE?

IT'S PRETTY BAD, SIR... SHIELDS ARE DOWN, ULTRA-SPEED ENGINES ARE OFFLINE, AND THERE MAY BE *OTHER* DAMAGE AS WELL.

WE'VE STARTED REPAIRS, BUT IT WILL TAKE AT LEAST FOURTEEN DAY-DAY-DAY... ER, HOURS.

ALL RIGHT, PORKY. DO WHAT YOU CAN. BUNNY OUT.

CAPTAIN, WE'RE RECEIVING A CALL!

HE SAYS HE'S AN OLD FRIEND!

OLD FRIEND? OUT HERE? PROBABLY A TELEMARKETER BUT PUT HIM ON SCREEN.

YOU DON'T *WEMEMBER* ME, CAPTAIN? THAT *HURTS.*

BECAUSE I WEMEMBER YOU. HUH-UH-UH-UH-UH-UH-UH-UH-UH.

UH, HI THERE... OLD... FRIEND?

DOC? WHO *IS* THIS GUY?

YA GOT ME! SOME KIND OF TRAVELING SALESMAN, PERHAPTH?

SO, UM, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, UH, OL' PAL?

YOU *REALLY* DON'T KNOW ME?

SORRY, DOC. MAYBE IT'S THE *HAT?*

THE HAT? OH, RIGHT, IT CAME WITH THE *RENTAL.*

DO YOU WECOGNIZE ME **NOW,** CAPTAIN?

YEAH... FIRST SEASON, BUT JUST THE *ONE* EPISODE, RIGHT...?

GOOD. NOW THAT YOU KNOW WHO'S BEATEN YOU, I CAN **GO.**

GO? BUT WE WERE JUST CATCHING UP!

SORRY, THIS CONNECTION IS **TERRIBLE.** WHO'S YOUR CAWWIER?

SORRY, CAPTAIN. HE HUNG UP.

FUUUUUUUDDDD!

UH, YOU OKAY THERE, BOSS?

WHO IS THIS FUDD CHARACTER, ANYWAY? AND WHY DOES HE HATE YOU SO MUCH?

I MEAN, APART FROM THE *OBVIOUTH.*

IT WAS WHILE YOU WERE AWAY AT THE SPACE MEDICINE CONFERENCE JUST LEFT OF ALBUQUERQUE...

"...WE RECEIVED AN EMERGENCY CALL FROM A CRASHED SPACESHIP.

"THE CAPTAIN WAS FUDD.

"AFTER A...UM...MISUNDERSTANDING ABOUT HIS LADY FRIEND, WE HELPED HIM AND HIS CREW FIND A NEW PLACE TO LIVE: THE PLANET BITTY BETA TWO."

WAIT A THECOND! BITTY BETA TWO? DIDN'T THAT PLANET BLOW UP?

LOOK, I'M NOT SAYING HE DOESN'T HAVE A *CASE.*

WELL, THIS IS JUST GREAT! *ANOTHER* ALIEN WITH A GRUDGE.

UH... HEY! WHY'S IT GETTING SO HOT IN HERE?

I WAS JUST ABOUT T' CALL YOU, CAPTAIN! THAT ATTACK FLOODED THE CENTRAL CLIMA-CLIMA-CLIMA... UM, THE A.C. IS ON THE FRITZ.

THAT *FIEND,* FUDD!

SOMEONE HAS TO GO IN THERE AND MANUALLY RESET THE CONTROLS. BUT THE HEAT COULD, WELL... BOIL YA.

IN *THAT* STEAM BATH? GOOD LUCK FINDING VOLUNTEERTH!

IT *HAS* TO BE SOMEONE WHO'S TOTALLY COMFORTABLE IN WATER...

YEAH! THAT'S IT! LIKE A FISH, OR A... OH NO!

OH NO! NUH-UH! NOT A CHANCE!

WE WILL ALWAYS HONOR YOUR *BRAVERY*, DOC.

OH LOOK! I FORGOT I HAD A REMOTE CONTROL FOR THE AIR-CONDITIONING *ALL ALONG!*

SORRY?

YOU... HAVE BEEN, AND ALWAYS WILL BE...

...DETHPICABLE...

"CAPTAIN'S JOURNAL. DISREGARD MY EARLIER REMARKS ABOUT BEING *BORED*.

"AS SOON AS WE FINISH REPAIRING THE SHIP, MY CREW AND I ARE *EXCITED* TO RESUME BRAVELY EXPLORING BOLD NEW WORLDS...

PREPARE THE MEMORIAL POD TO *LAUNCH*.

"... IN HONOR OF OUR DEPARTED FRIEND."

THIS IS ALL *VERY* MOVING.

BUT HONESTLY, I JUST NEEDED A *BREAK*. A LITTLE MORE *ME* TI--

BRRRRRRRP BRRRRRRRP

--HUH?

HAAA

LOONEY TUNES™ Presents

MERRIE MELODIES
A LOONEY TUNES COMIC

DUCK DODGERS and the REBOOT of the 24½TH CENTURY

DEREK FRIDOLFS - writer
DAVE ALVAREZ - artist
SAIDA TEMOFONTE - letters
ROB LEVIN - editor

BUT DOCTOR, THISTH ISTH PREPOSTEROUSTH! HOW CAN MY CADET OUTRANK ME?!

NOW YOU MUST ADDRESS HIM AS YOUR COMMANDER, DODGERS!

I'M STILL YOUR EAGER YOUNG SPACE CA... CAD... CUU--

--JUST CALL ME COMMANDER FOR SHORT.

I'VE GATHERED YOU BOTH HERE FOR A SECRET MISSION OF UTMOST IMPORTANCE.

HERE, TAKE IT. IT'S YOURS.

A CAPE? I'VE ALWAYS WANTED ONE!

Y, SIR?

BECAUSE Y ELSE!

WE'VE BEEN ABLE TO CLASSIFY PLANETS A THROUGH X. BUT NOW YOU'RE TASKED WITH FINDING THE ELUSIVE PLANET Y. IT'S BELIEVED TO OFFER ALL THE SECRETS OF THE UNIVERSE.

GATHER MY BELONGINGSTH AND MEET ME AT THE LAUNCH PAD--

DODGERS! YOU DON'T GIVE THE COMMANDS ANYMORE. THAT'S *HIS* JOB!

I ORD... ORDER YOU... I-- PULL THE ROCKET AROUND FRONT FOR US TO LEAVE.

YEAH? WHAT ARE *YOU* LOOKING AT?!

STHRAP YOURSELF IN. WE'RE READY FOR TAKEOFF!

UM... EX... UM... EXCUSE--PARDON ME, BUT YOU'RE IN THE WRONG CHAIR.

I WAS JUST KEEPING IT WARM FOR YOU, PORK CHOP.

IT APPEARS WE'VE ENTERED AN ASTER... ASTROY... THERE ARE ROCKS OUT THERE!

KA-THOOM

DODGERS, I'M IN NEED OF YOUR ASSIST... ASSISTAN--

--I NEED YOUR HELP!

WITH MY FINE PILOTING SKILLS, I CAN NAVIGATE US THROUGH--

NO, I'VE GOT THIS. BUT I NEED YOU TO MAKE ME A CUP OF COFFEE.

SUGAR, SIR?

YES. TWO LUMPS.

THIS PLANET'S OUTPOST MAY PROVIDE US WITH CRUCIAL INFOR... INFORMA--DIRECTIONS TO PLANET Y.

I'M ARMED AND READY FOR ANYTHING, SIR!

SINGLE MINGLE

LET ME HANDLE THIS WHILE YOU RE... A... REFUE... ER, GIVE IT GAS.

SPACE OPERA

YOU REALLY HATE ME, DON'T YOU?

MAYBE I SHOULD LOOK INTO A DIFFERENT LINE OF WORK.

MAYBE WORK AS A DETECTIVE IN THE ROCKET SQUAD. OR MAYBE A THUPERHERO. THAT SOUNDS THUPERIOR! BUT I'D NEED A CAPE FOR THAT.

COMMANDER, REPORT IN. COMMANDER?

PERHAPS HE'S BEEN CAPTURED! I SHOULD BEAM DOWN, RESTHCUE HIM AND BE PROMOTED BACK IN CHARGE.

TO NEXT PAGE

THIS IS A JOB FOR... ***DUCK DODGERS IN THE 24½TH CENTURY!***

ZAP!

TO NEXT PAGE

THE CALIBRATION APPEARS TO BE SLIGHTLY OFF.

OUCH.

"WITH THE EVAPORATORS OFFLINE, I HAD TO TAKE A SHUTTLE DOWN TO THE SURFACE.

"INSTEAD OF FINDING PLANET Y, I NEED TO FIND THE COMMANDER FIRST. AND MAYBE ONE OF THESE KIND SOULS CAN HELP ME DO THAT.

"IT'S A GOOD THING I AM WELL VERSED IN THE ART OF NEGOTIATION.

LISTEN UP! THIS IS A STATE-OF-THE-ART GALACTIC PROTECTORATE-ISSUED GRAVITON DISINTEGRATION GUN. AND I'M NOT AFRAID TO USE IT, UNLESS YOU TELL ME TOOT SWEET WHERE MY CADET... ER... *COMMANDER* IS LOCATED.

WE DON'T SERVE YOUR KIND HERE.

AND WHAT KIND IS THAT, MY GOOD SIR?

COMMANDER'S LOUNGE

"THE OUTPOST WAS LESS THAN WILLING TO HELP.

YIPE!

BEEHOO BEEHOO

DODGERS, WHERE ARE YOU?

COMMANDER?!

COME GET ME AT THE FOLLOWING COR... COORDINAT--

JUST FOLLOW MY SIGNAL!

SHOOM

SOMETHING TELLS ME, THISTH MUST BE THE PLACE.

THERE YOU ARE! I WASTH LOOKING EVERYWHERE!

I NEED TO ALER... ER... TELL STRATOSPHERE HIGH COMMAND OF OUR FINDINGS.

THAT'S NOT THE JOB OF A COMMANDER. THIS IS CLEARLY MY JOB TO DO. I'LL JUST PRESS THIS ALERT BUTTON TO LET THEM KNOW.

KA BLEW WWP

WILL THE ACCUSED PLEASE APPROACH THE BENCH.

DUCK EDGAR DUMAS ALOYSIUS DODGERS, YOU ARE ON TRIAL FOR THE WAN-TON DESTRUCTION OF PLANET Y.

I DON'T KNOW IF I'D CALL IT "WANTON." JUST LIKE I DON'T WANTON BE HERE.

HOW DO YOU PLEAD?

*PLEAD?! IT CAN'T BE **THAT** BAD.*

I MEAN... THERE'S STILL PLANET Z OUT THERE, AM I RIGHT?

THE COURT FINDS YOU GUILTY.

AS PUNISHMENT, YOU WILL BE *RE-FROZEN.*

YOU MAY FEEL SLIGHTLY COLD.

SKIP THE FINE BEDSIDE MANNER. JUST TELL ME, HOW LONG IS MY SENTENCE?

OH... ONLY 100 YEARS.

ONE HUNDRED ?!

WOOSH

ONE HUNDRED YEARS LATER... GIVE OR TAKE.

YOU BOTH... LOOK THE SAME... AS BEFORE.

HOW... ISTH THAT POSSIBLE? WHAT YEAR ISTH IT?

CRYO-STASIS ADDED 100 YEARS ONTO YOUR LIFE, EVEN THOUGH THE REST OF THE WORLD IS STILL IN THE SAME CENTURY YOU LEFT.

THEN I'M STILL... DUCK DODGERS....IN THE... 24 ½TH... =COFF= ... CENTURY?

NOT QUITE. YOU NOW TAKE ORDERS FROM A NEW COMMANDER.

WHAT'S UP, DUCK? OR SHOULD I CALL YOU UNEAGER OLD SPACE CURMUDGEON?

BUGS?!

THE NAME'S BUGS RODGERS IN THE 24TH CARROT CENTURY!

BUT HOW? EVERYTHING... SORT OF LOOKS THE SAME... BUT WITH A FEW UNNECESSARY CHANGES.

IT'S CALLED A REBOOT, DOC.

HEY, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

BACK TO SLEEP. WAKE ME UP... WHEN EVERYTHING... IS PUT BACK THE WAY IT WASTH.

That's all Folks!

Check out this sneak peek of

BRUCE WAYNE: NOT SUPER

by Stuart Gibbs and Berat Pekmezci

Batman created by Bob Kane with Bill Finger

Alfred!

Alfred!

Alfred! Where are youz

Over here! On the tennis courts!

Alfred! I thwarted evil today!

THWUP

SMACK

SMACK

You did what?!

THWIP

I chased off a bully who was terrorizing little kids! I was a vigilante!

SMACK

I want to do it more!

Come help me make a costume!

THWIP

A costume?!

SMACK

What do you need a costume for?

To conceal my identity!

It's easier to be a vigilante when no one ***knows*** you're a vigilante.

Bruce, all you did was stop one kid. And now you want to start fighting crime?

Why don't you do something more productive, like go out for the school chess team?

I don't want to play chess! I want to fight for truth, justice, and decency.

Even at my school, immorality is rampant. There are bad kids with powers who are probably going to be super-villains someday...

And I'm pretty sure that our school psychologist, Dr. Crane, is secretly evil.

=Sigh...=

Bruce, this is just another one of your silly phases...

Like when you decided you wanted to be a professional skateboarder. Only, this time, you could get hurt.

I got hurt plenty when I tried to be a professional skateboarder.

American History

True Crime

Oh. Right. Well, this time...you could get killed.

Not if I do this right. That's why I need your help.

Parenting

Give me one good reason why I should help you.

Uh...because it's your job?

Sigh. I suppose you're right.

Biology

So...what kind of costume were you thinkingz? Like a soldierz? Or a knightz? Or a samuraiz?

No. An animal.

An animalz!

A *dangerous* animal. One that will strike fear into the hearts of everyone who sees it!

Aha! Here we go!

Animals

Nature

SNATCH

The World's Scariest Animals

FLIP FLIP FLIP

Here we go! This is what I need to look like!

It's perfect!

Will Bruce find the perfect disguise? Find out in

BRUCE WAYNE: NOT SUPER

on sale now!

The only kid in school without superpowers...
is the only one who wants to fight crime!

Written by
New York Times
bestselling author
STUART GIBBS

Art by
BERAT PEKMEZCI

BRUCE WAYNE NOT SUPER

DC

A new graphic novel for kids
AVAILABLE NOW!

TM & © DC

DC COMICS MARIE JAVINS Editor-in-Chief, DC Comics ANNE DePIES Senior VP – General Manager JIM LEE Publisher & Chief Creative Officer DON FALLETTI VP – Manufacturing Operations & Workflow Management LAWRENCE GANEM VP – Talent Services ALISON GILL Senior VP – Manufacturing & Operations JEFFREY KAUFMAN VP – Editorial Strategy & Programming NICK J. NAPOLITANO VP – Manufacturing Administration & Design NANCY SPEARS VP – Revenue

LOONEY TUNES 272. July, 2023. Published bimonthly by DC Comics, 4000 Warner Blvd., Bldg. 700, 2nd Floor, Burbank, CA 91522. GST # is R125921072.

Copyright © 2023. Contains reprint material from LOONEY TUNES 88, 89. Copyright © 2002, 2003 Warner Bros. Entertainment Inc. All Rights Reserved. DC LOGO is © & ™ DC Comics. The stories, characters, and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. DC Comics does not read or accept unsolicited submissions of ideas, stories, or artwork. For Advertising and Custom Publishing contact dccomicsadvertising@dccomics.com. For details on DC Comics Ratings, visit dc.com/ratings.

All Looney Tunes characters and elements Copyright © & ™ Warner Bros. Entertainment Inc.
WB SHIELD: ™ & © WBEI (s23)

SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN... THIS MONSTER!"